

HANNA-BARBERA'S

EVERY FRIDAY

Nº2

FUN TIME

4p

Incorporating

HANNA-BARBERA'S
Yogi
AND HIS TOY

FEATURING: YOGI BEAR. THE FLINTSTONES. BOSS CAT. HUCKLEBERRY HOUND. MAGILLA GORILLA. QUICK DRAW MCGRAW. PIXIE, DIXIE AND MR. JINX.

FREE INSIDE

**THIS SUPER WORKING MODEL
OF OSWALD THE
EYE-SPY OWL!**

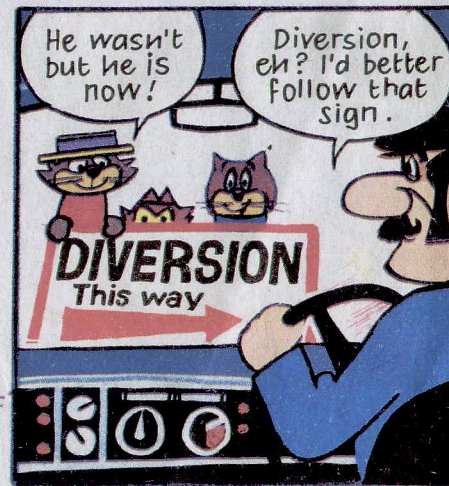


I'M THE
MOST WANTED OWL
IN THE COUNTRY-
AND I'M FREE!



BOSS CAT
-and his Alley Gang

SO FAR: Boss Cat and his gang are on the trail of a crazy crook, who has stolen gardening things, but are also trying to get their alley tidy for the Mayor...

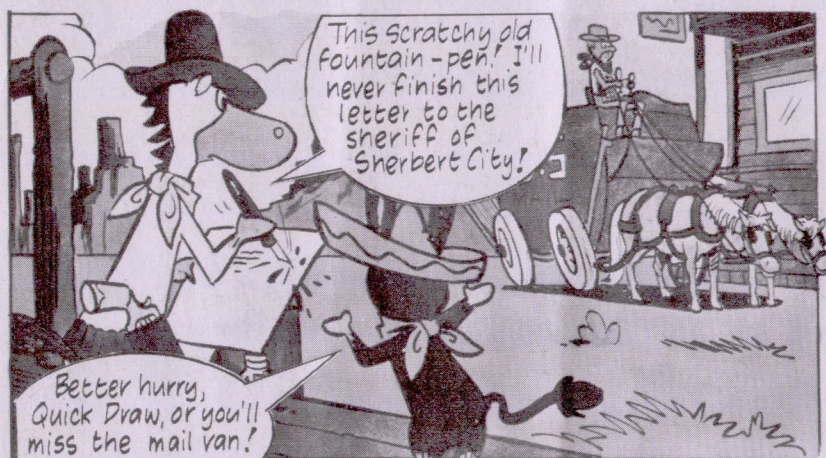


Now turn to Back Page . . .



EXCITING TIMES WITH QUICK DRAW MCGRAW

And His Parcel Of Trouble



1. Quick Draw's fountain pen deserved a whole lot of black marks for the blots it was making, as he tried to finish off a letter to the Sherbert City sheriff—and the mail van was just about to leave.



2. "Hop on the back, Baba Looley," said Quick Draw. It was his bright idea to finish off the letter and then jump down before the mail-van had got far along the trail to Sherbert City.



3. "Dear Sheriff of Sherbert City," said the letter, "I haven't been very busy lately, so have you got any wanted men you don't want? If so, I'll borrow a couple. Your pal, Q.D."



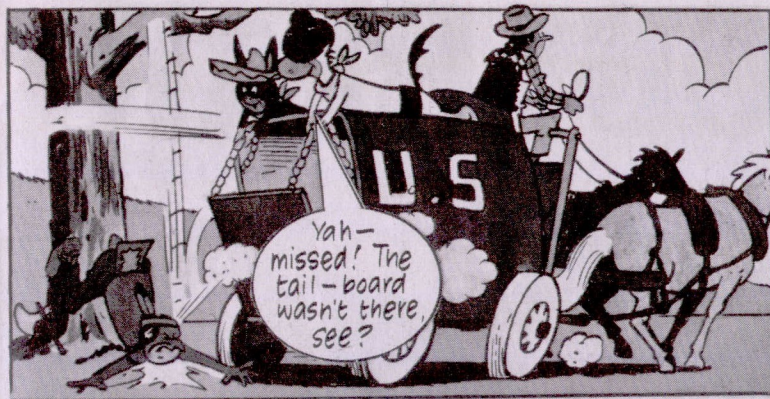
4. Talking about wanted men, there was one around those parts at the time, and he planned to rob the mail-van. "Here comes trouble, Quick Draw," said Baba Looley, as the bandit rode down the slope.



5. Quick Draw did some quick thinking and things weren't as black as they seemed—except for the hold-up feller, who got a faceful of ink from the sheriff's fountain pen. "I reckon that's written you off, mister bad man," chortled Quick Draw.



6. So that was that, but there was no jumping off the mail van yet awhile. Up in a tree lurked a Red Indian, and he planned to rob the mail-van, too.



7. Then it was a quick case of Quick Draw using both head and tail-board. Yes, folks, he heaved up the tail-board and the surprised Red Indian landed on it when it wasn't there. He came down . . . thud!



9. That sounded all right, but the driver found Quick Draw's letter. "Oho, what's all this?" he said. "No stamp on it. I don't carry mail for nothing. I'll take it back."



8. Now all this clever robber-catching stuff took quite a time, and by then the mail-van had reached Sherbert City. "Not to worry," smiled Quick Draw. "We'll travel back home on it."



10. Away went the mail-van at a cracking pace before Quick Draw and Baba Looney could get back aboard. "Just one letter gets us into a parcel of trouble," groaned Quick Draw, as he and Baba Looney trudged sadly home.

QUICK DRAW *runs them in!*

Quick Draw has captured the Badladd twins, but look carefully at the right-hand one and see if you can spot six things different from the left-hand one.

Answer: Gun holster, waistcoat, shirt buttons, scarf, sideburns and hatband.



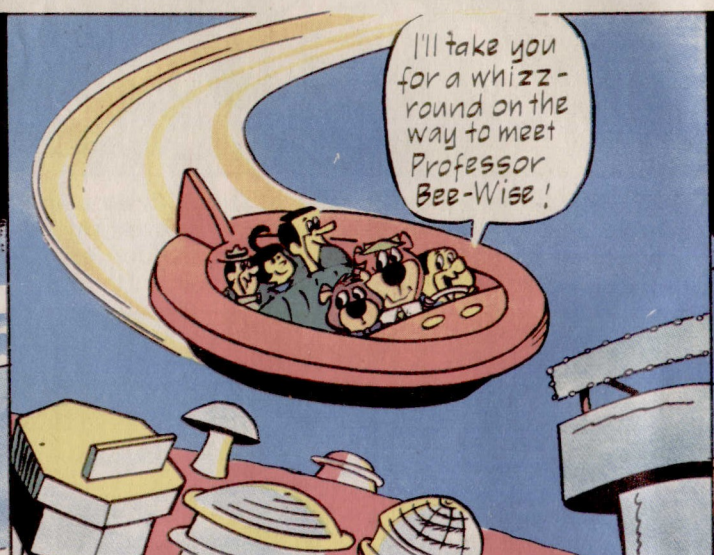


The Tales of YOGI BEAR

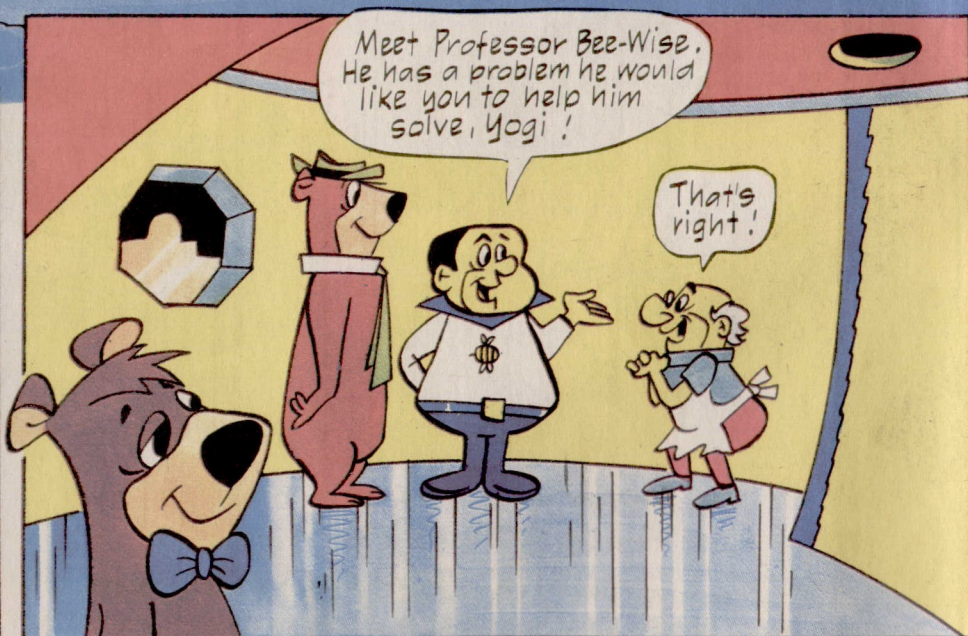
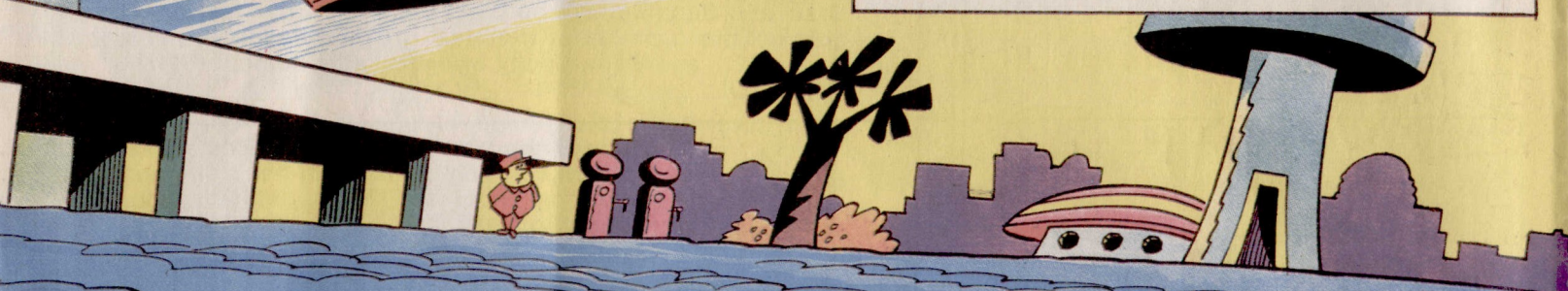
1. Yogi, Boo Boo and Ranger Smith were on a trip round Planet Honey. Their guide, Bee-One, showed them how everything ran on honey, and there seemed to be a very good supply of it.

Everything runs on honey on Planet Honey, you know. All our cars, ships, trains and planes use it as fuel. Even our space-ships run on it, as you found out!

Yes, Boo Boo and me ate the fuel supply!



2. "We are lucky to have swarms of super honey-making bees," said Bee-One, whizzing them around the wonderful city. "It's all the work of Professor Bee-Wise. You must meet."



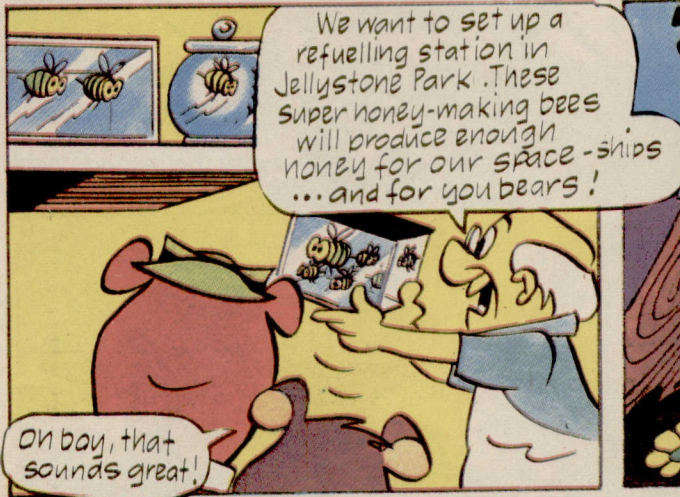
3. "Delighted, I'm sure," said Yogi, licking his lips at the thought of meeting an expert at honey-making. "I bet he's a rather sweet old person, eh?"

4. Professor Bee-Wise turned out to be just that. "Greetings, friends from Planet Earth," he said, as Yogi, Boo Boo and Ranger Smith were introduced. "You may wonder why you have been brought here, but I'll explain it all in a moment."



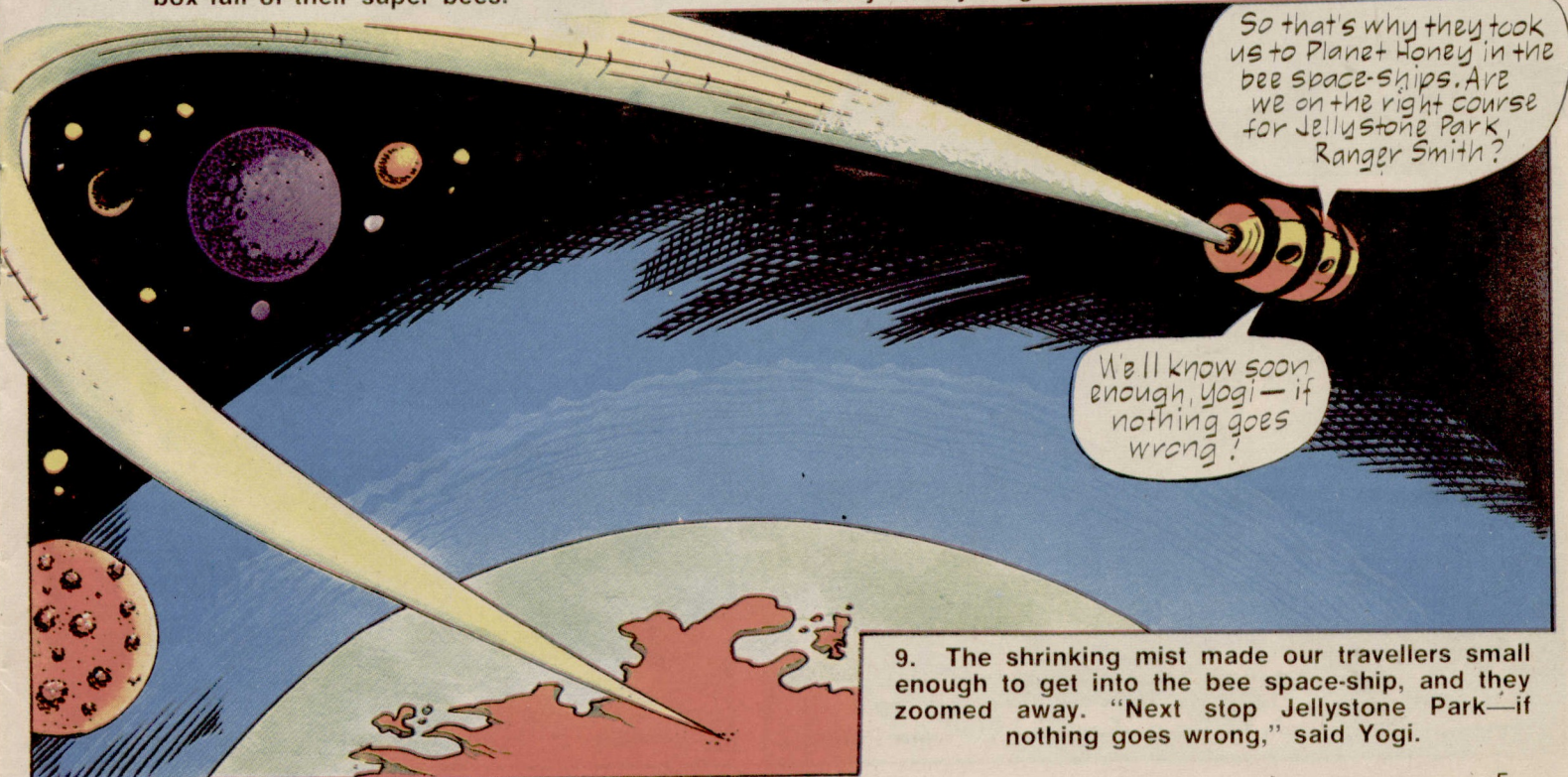
5. First, he showed them the tiny space craft he had invented. "They buzz from planet to planet, you know," he smiled.

6. "But, because they are so small, they cannot carry honey fuel enough to return home," went on the Professor. "That's why we need your help with our refuelling stations, Yogi."



7. It seemed that the people of Planet Honey wanted a honey fuel-stop right in the middle of Jellystone Park, and they handed Yogi a box full of their super bees.

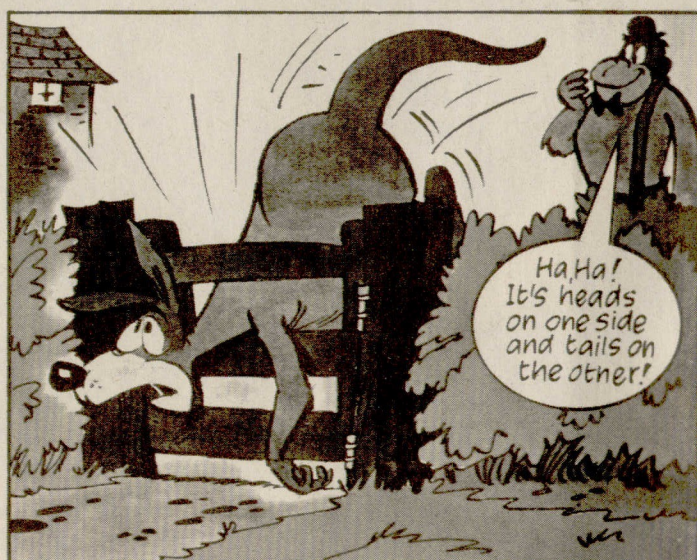
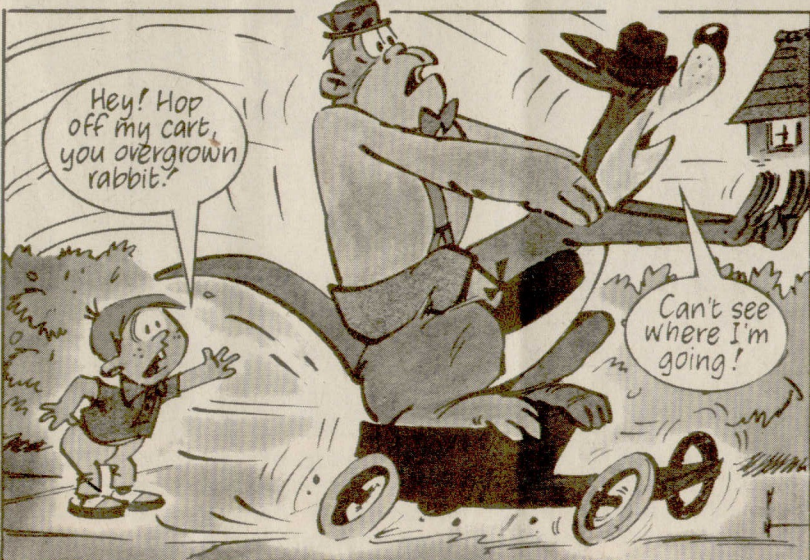
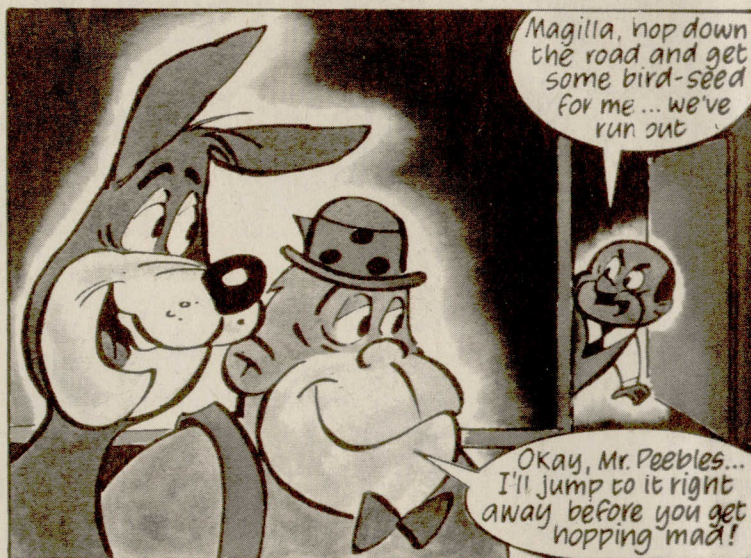
8. "Oh, yummy-yummy! I hope it's true that these super bees will produce enough honey for their space-ships and us, too," chuckled Yogi. "What a feast we will have, Boo Boo. It will be honey, honey, honey all day long." Then they said goodbye.

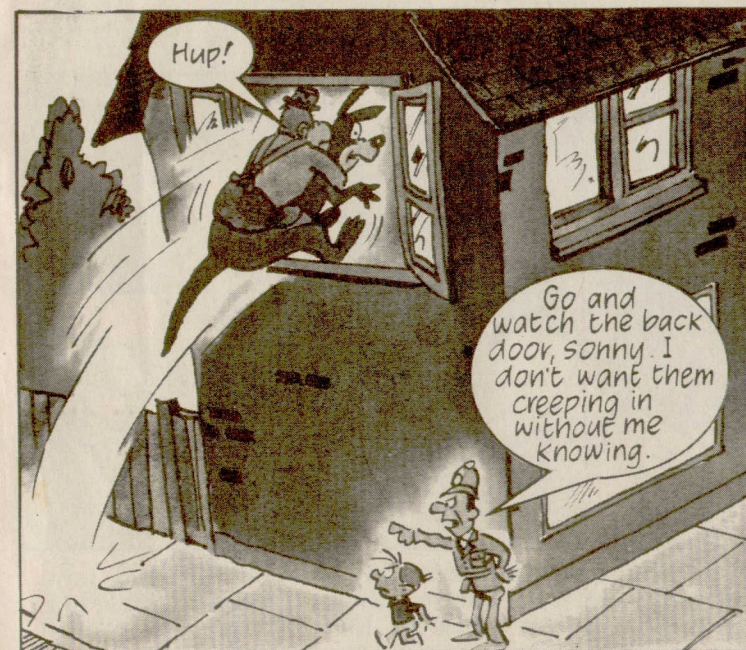


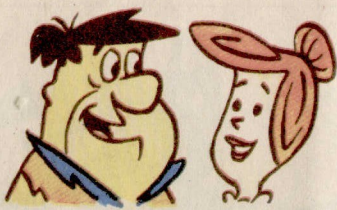
9. The shrinking mist made our travellers small enough to get into the bee space-ship, and they zoomed away. "Next stop Jellystone Park—if nothing goes wrong," said Yogi.



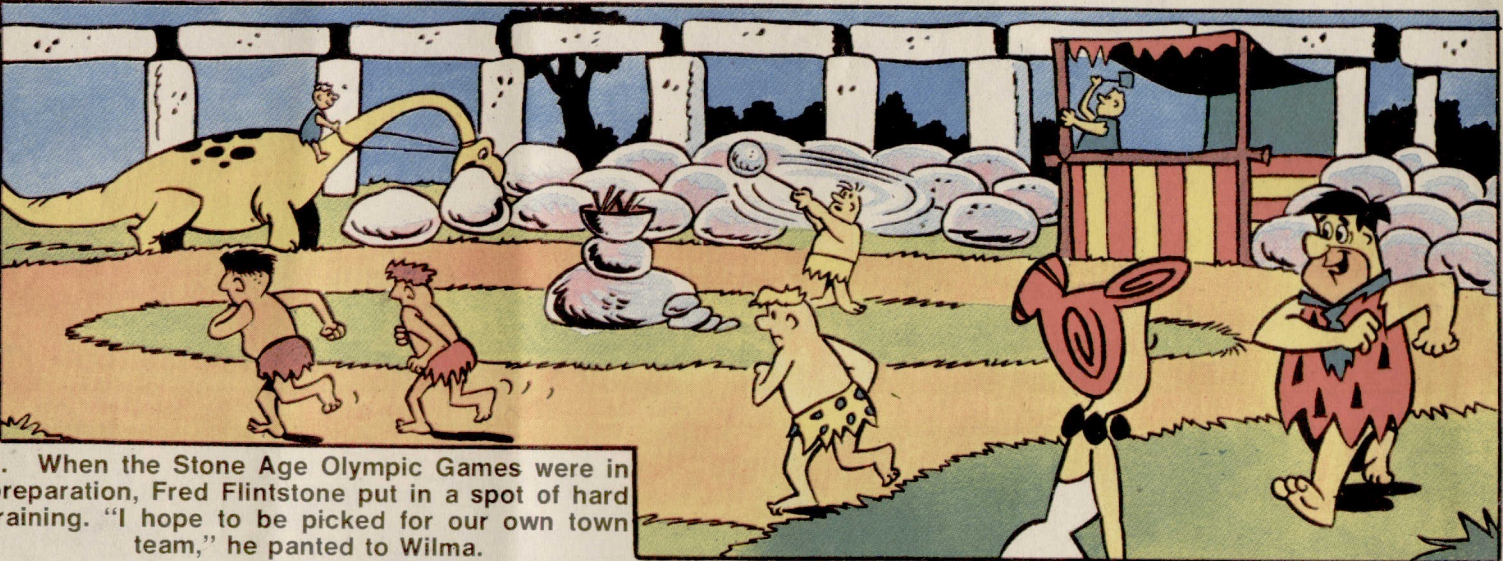
ADVENTURES OF MAGILLA GORILLA







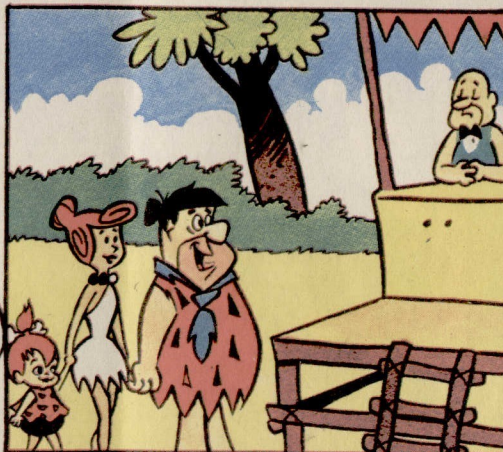
Meet The FLINTSTONES



1. When the Stone Age Olympic Games were in preparation, Fred Flintstone put in a spot of hard training. "I hope to be picked for our own town team," he panted to Wilma.



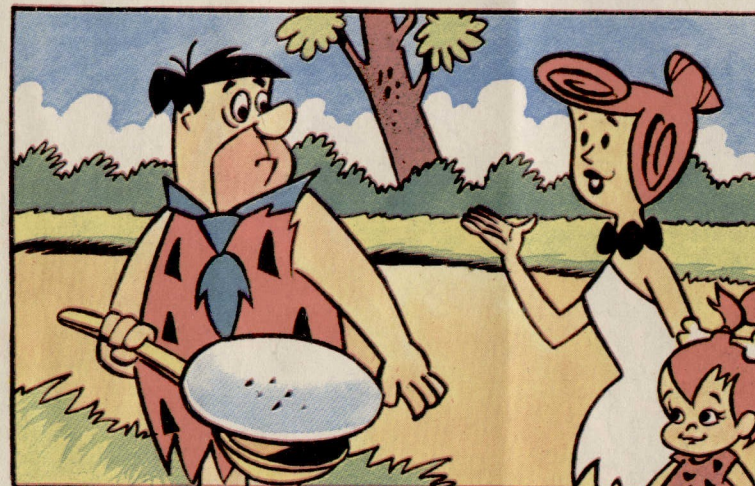
2. Fred fancied himself as an Olympic star. "I'll win most of the gold medals, of course," he said to himself.



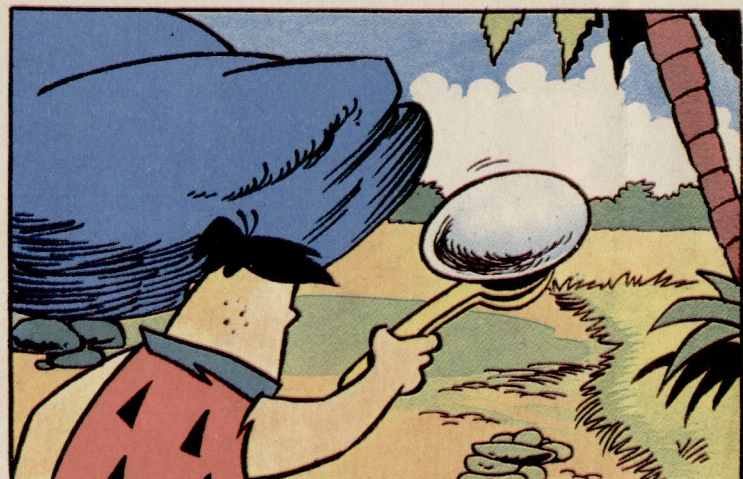
3. Then came the moment when Fred had to face the selection board. "I'm sure they'll pick you for all the events, Fred," said Wilma.



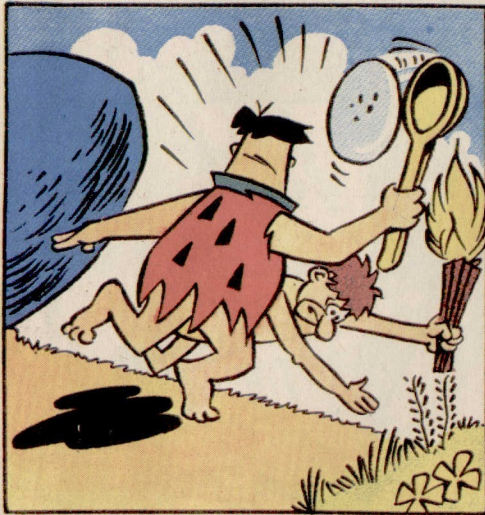
4. But what a shock it was for Fred when they chose him for the egg-and-spoon race. "You'd better train hard with these, Mr. Flintstone," they said.



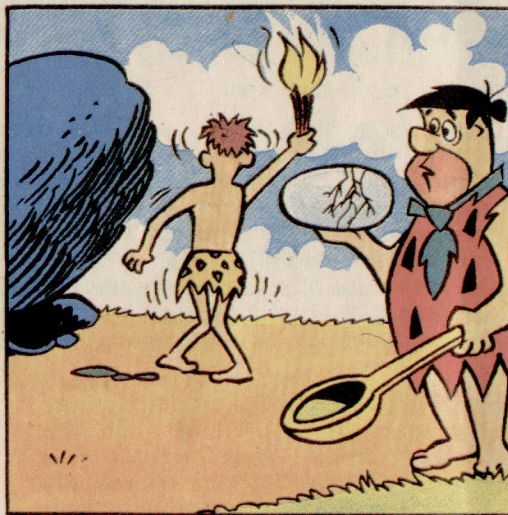
5. Poor Fred! "The egg-and-spoon race indeed!" he grumbled. "These games aren't all they're cracked up to be." "Never mind," said Wilma soothingly. "I'm sure you'll appear in the papers, if you practice."



6. So, somewhat gloomily, Fred set off on a long practice run. "This is kid's stuff for a trained athlete like me," he said. "Why, in my time, I've won the three-legged race and the sack race, too."



7. Bump! That was the sound of Fred Flintstone bashing into a chap just running around a rock—and carrying the Olympic torch flame.



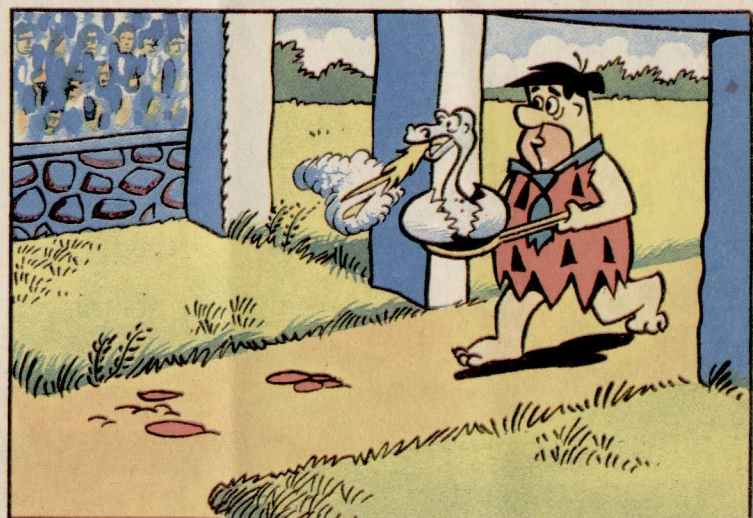
8. The torch-bearer was knocked so dizzy that he turned round and ran back to where he'd come from, while Fred picked up the fallen egg.



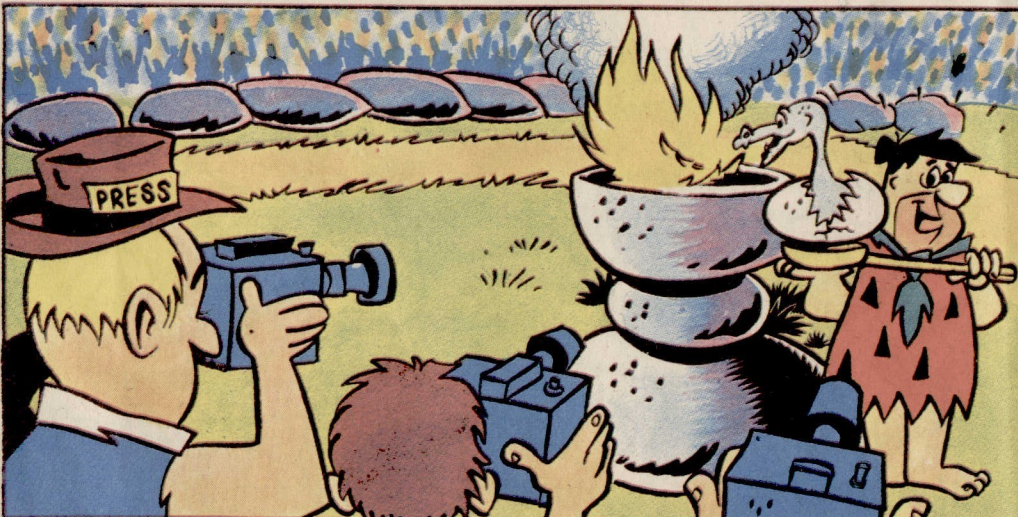
9. As Fred popped it back on the spoon, the big egg cracked and out popped a baby dragon. "Here, don't drop me," it said.



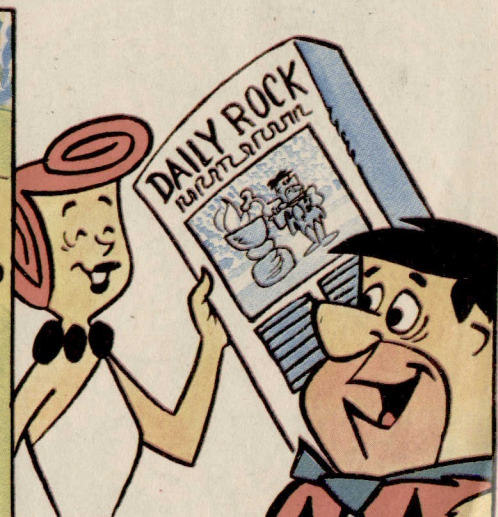
10. Back at the Stone Age Olympic stadium there was quite a lot of confusion. "The torchbearer hasn't arrived yet," said the officials. "Without him we can't light the flame and start the games."



11. Just at that moment, Fred came tottering in, and the little baby dragon was breathing fire and flame. It was wobbling a bit on the spoon, but everyone gave three loud cheers for good old Fred.



12. Yes, indeed, Fred Flintstone had saved the Stone Age Olympic Games by lighting the flame. "He's a real world-beater is our Fred," shouted the crowd. Naturally, all the newspaper chaps were there and they told Fred to pose prettily, while they snapped away with their cameras.



13. Later, Wilma proudly showed Fred his picture in the papers. "I told you so," she said. "My hero of the Games is my Fred."

YOGI SHOWS YOU HOW TO MAKE MATCHBOX SAILING BOATS!

To make these cute little boats, you will need matchbox trays, cocktail sticks or used matchsticks, some modelling clay and some of Mummy's metal foil that she uses for cooking. First, make the matchbox tray waterproof by wrapping a piece of metal foil round it, as shown.

Next, make a sail out of paper, using the pattern shown below. Punch a hole at the top and bottom and push a cocktail stick or matchstick through for a mast.

Now fix a small lump of modelling clay into the matchbox tray and push the mast firmly into it. Your boat is now ready to be launched. Place it carefully into a bath or bowl of water and blow gently into the sail to make it skim along.

MAKE YOUR
PAPER SAIL THIS
SHAPE AND SIZE

Fred Flintstone has been out to see some of his Stone Age friends, but has lost his way home. Can you help him by tracing a path through the maze to his house?



Hello, boys and girls.....I'm LARRY THE LAMB

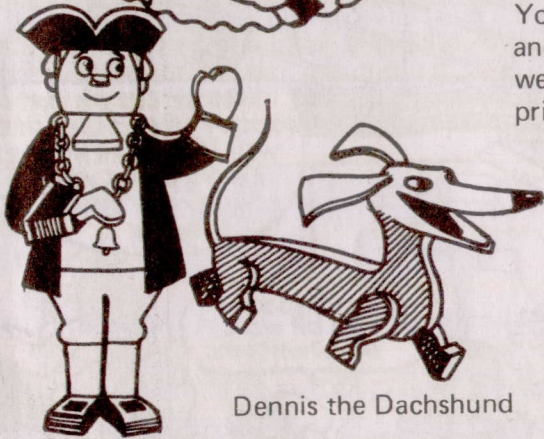
You've seen me on television, and now you can meet me every week in a lovely new paper, now on sale, called

TOYTOWN

It's my own special Larry the Lamb magazine and there are pages and pages of other Toytown folk appearing with me, such as The Mayor, Dennis the Dachshund, Ernest the Policeman, The Inventor, The Magician, The Arkville Dragon, and even old Mr. Growser.

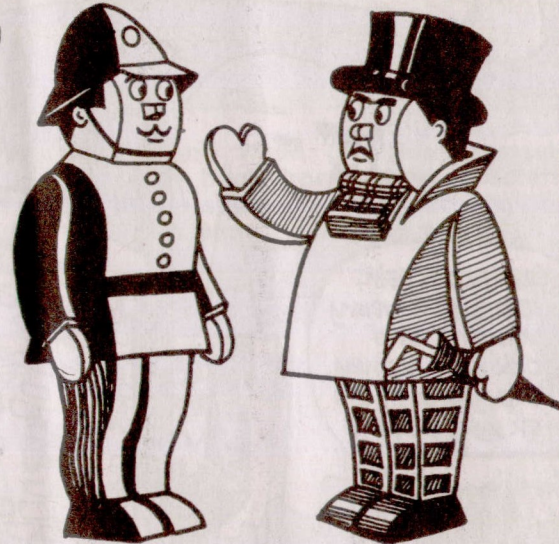
Ask now for TOYTOWN, featuring
Larry the Lamb

You've loved him on television
and now he's here in his own
weekly comic . . . on sale now,
price 4p.



Dennis the Dachshund

The Mayor of Toytown



Ernest the Policeman

Old Mr. Growser

CAN YOU EAT THESE ?

The answer to this puzzling question is YES. Here are three things, very nice to eat. To find out what they are, shade in all the dotted parts with a pencil.





Touché Turtle



1. Once upon a day, it chanced that Touché Turtle and Dum-Dum arrived weary and hungry at a castle, where the lazy old cook was glad to give them some work.

Good cook, sir, we are but weary travellers and lacking in money. Have you any job for us please?

Something with food attached to it if possible!

Step right in - you can work in the castle kitchen!

Keep an eye on that pot of stew and cook it well. If you fail me, then it's dry bread and water for your supper!

H'mm! It needs quite a bit more salt, Dum Dum!

2. The work was in the kitchen, and there a pot of broth bubbled on the fire. "Keep an eye on it and let it not boil over," said the cook. Touché thought it needed more salt in.

Foolish me! I forgot to put plenty of salt in!

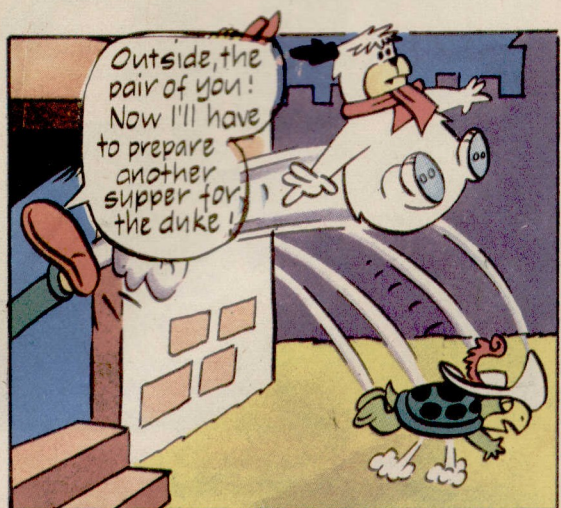
But, good sir, pray add no more, I beg of you...

Urrgh! It tastes terrible! You've ruined it!

Too many cooks and too much salt have spoilt the broth!

3. He had just popped in a goodly portion, when the cook returned. "I forgot to add the salt," he explained. And before Touché could beg him not to add any, the cook had tipped a second goodly portion into the broth.

4. Too many cooks and too much salt quite spoilt the broth, of course. The castle Cook got into a stew about it and blamed our two travellers for ruining the Duke's hot supper.



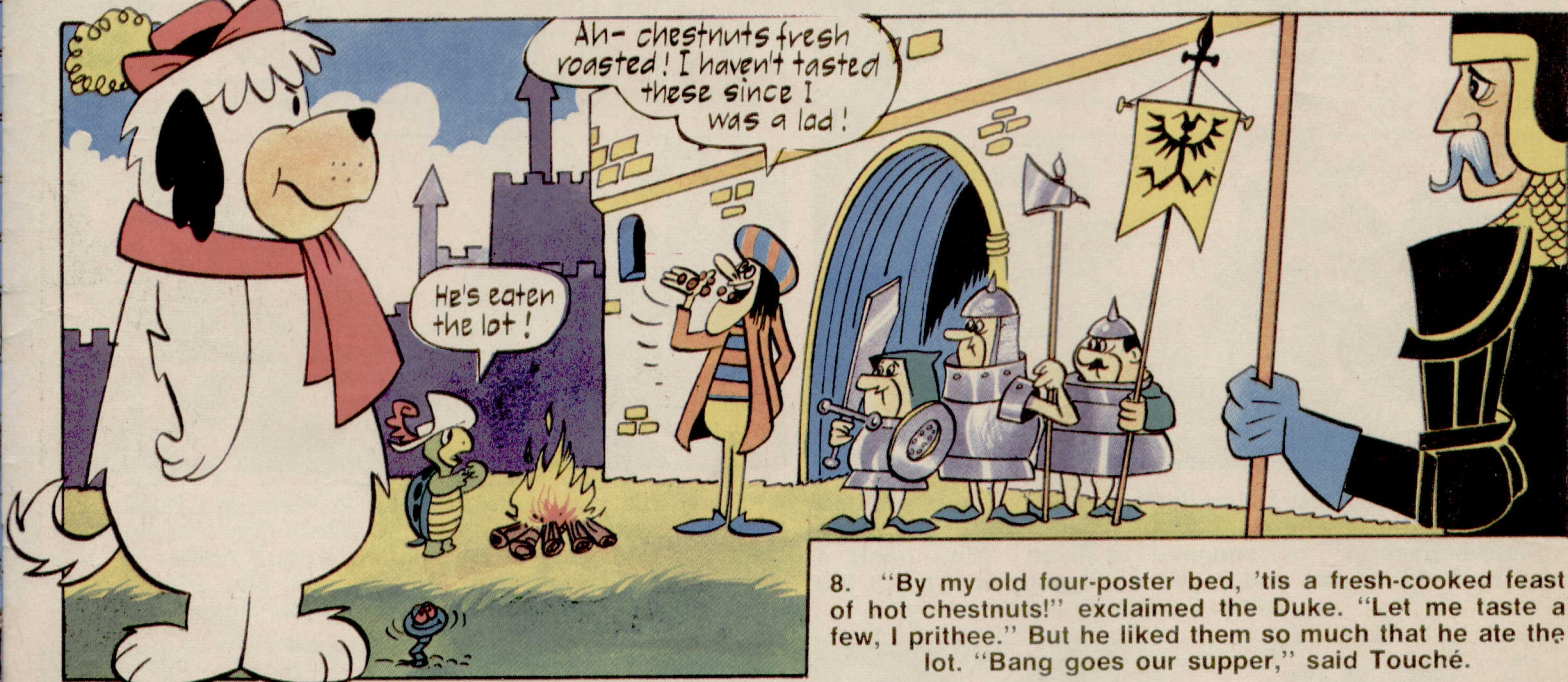
5. He even went farther than that, by actually booting them out through the back door. "Now I'll have to prepare another meal for the Duke," he growled.



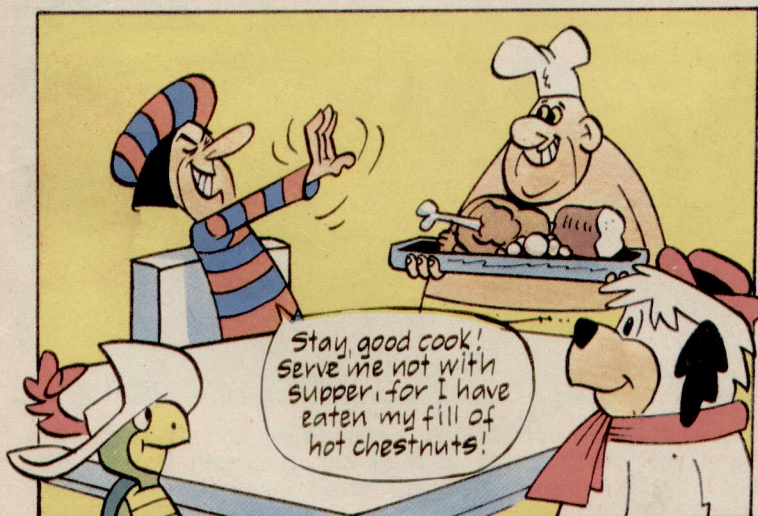
6. There is an old saying that food doesn't grow on trees, but Touché found some in the shape of chestnuts, ready for roasting.



7. And when the Duke himself came back from hunting tiddlers in the stream, a delicious smell of roasting tickled his nostrils.



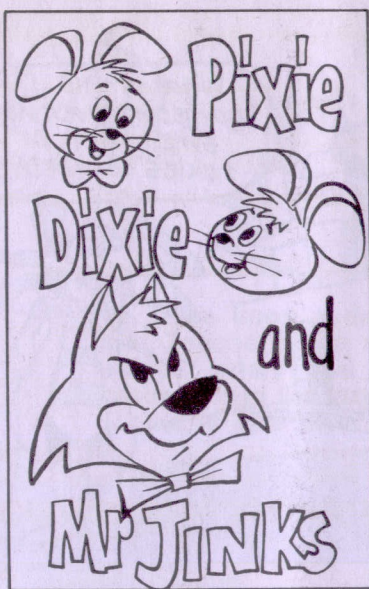
8. "By my old four-poster bed, 'tis a fresh-cooked feast of hot chestnuts!" exclaimed the Duke. "Let me taste a few, I prithee." But he liked them so much that he ate the lot. "Bang goes our supper," said Touché.



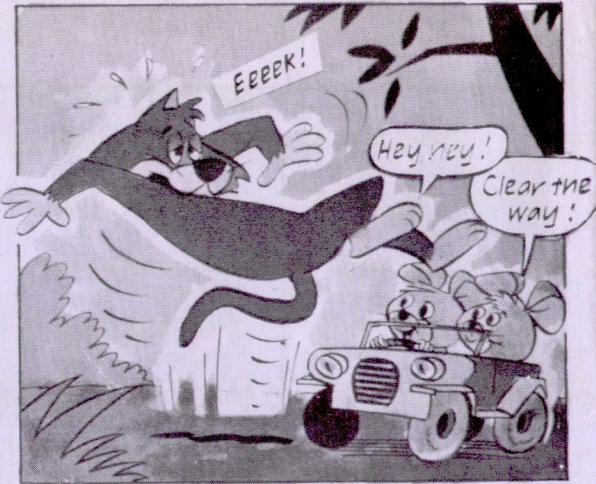
9. And that's the way it might have been, if the delighted Duke hadn't invited Touché Turtle and Dum-Dum into the dining room. "Serve up the food, Cook, but leave me out," the Duke ordered.



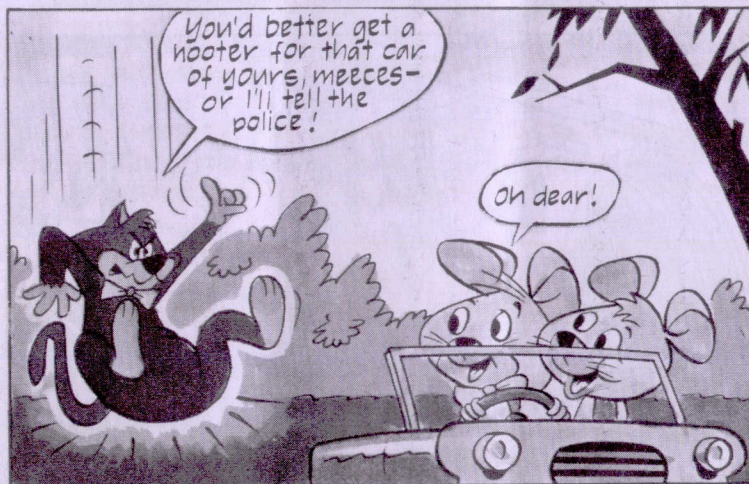
10. " 'Twould be a pity indeed to waste that good and tasty fare, so my two new-found friends will no doubt help to see it off." And, much to the annoyance of the Cook, Touché and Dum-Dum dined well that day.



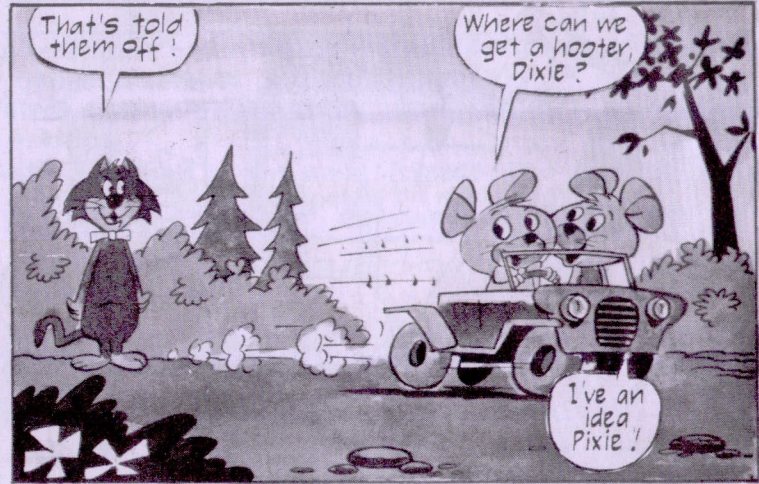
1. Mr. Jinks, the house mouse-hunter, hadn't seen a sign of Pixie and Dixie all day. "I wonder where those two meeces are?" he murmured, looking around. "I want to chase them, but as usual they're never here when they are wanted, the cheeky things."



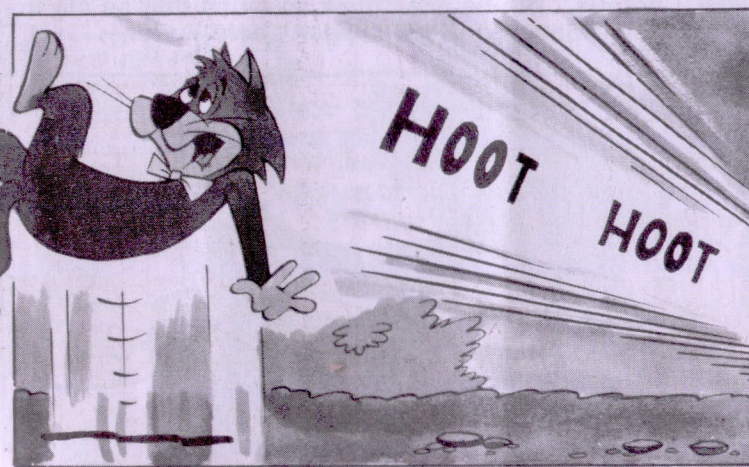
2. Suddenly, Pixie and Dixie came into view from round the corner, in their new little speed-car. "Hey-hey, clear the way, Mr. Jinks," they said. "You're not on a pedestrian crossing now, you know." Mr. Jinks nearly jumped out of his fur in surprise.



3. But he was soon giving them a good telling-off. "Don't you know the driving rules around here, you cheeky little cheese-chasers?" he snapped at them. "You need a hooter for that car, and if you don't get one, I'll tell the police. So there!"



4. Now this was quite a shock to Pixie and Dixie, who turned around and drove back to where they'd come from. "Nobody told us that we needed a loud hooter on this car," said Pixie. "Where do we get one from?" "No hooter—no driving," said Mr. Jinks.



5. "And I don't care a hoot if you never use that car again," he went on. "Then I'll feel a whole lot safer." The horrid old mouse-chaser was having a little private purr of pleasure when suddenly there was a huge HOOT-HOOT, which made him really jump!



6. And round the corner came Pixie and Dixie, with a large owl on the front of their car. It wasn't Oswald, the Eye-spy Owl, which is being given away free this week, but it certainly did the trick. Poor old Mr. Jinks—he just can't ever beat those meeces.

MEET

WALLY GATOR

and
MR. TWIDDLE

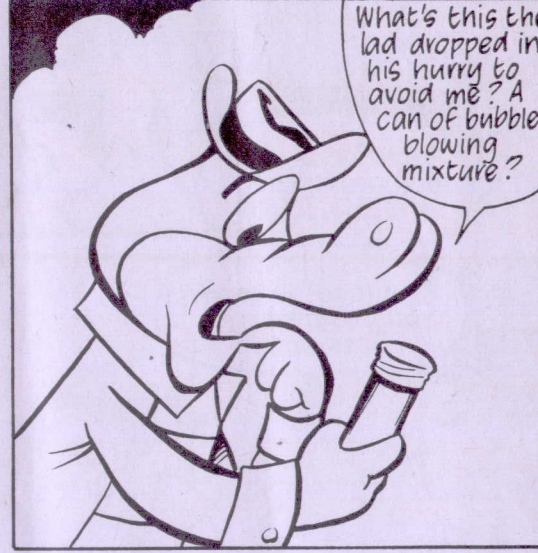


Hey, kids, don't run away. Don't you want to have a look at me?

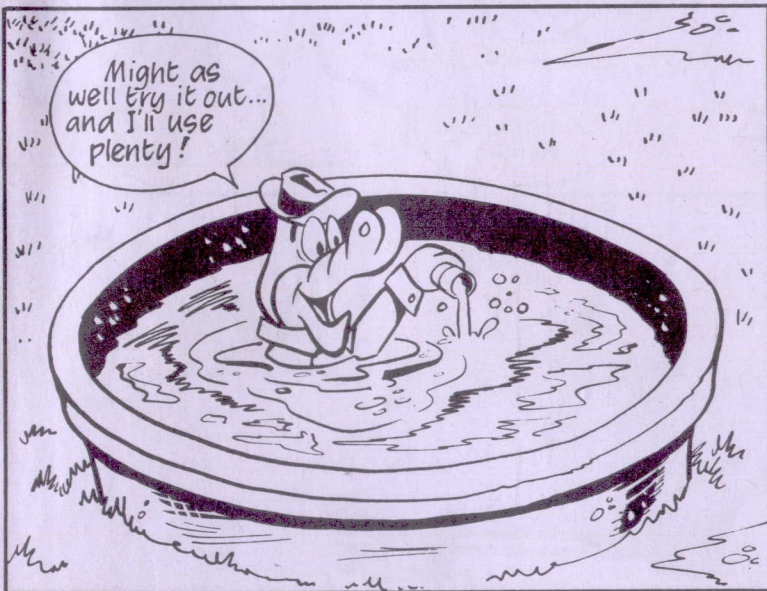
No fear! It's feeding time for the sealions!



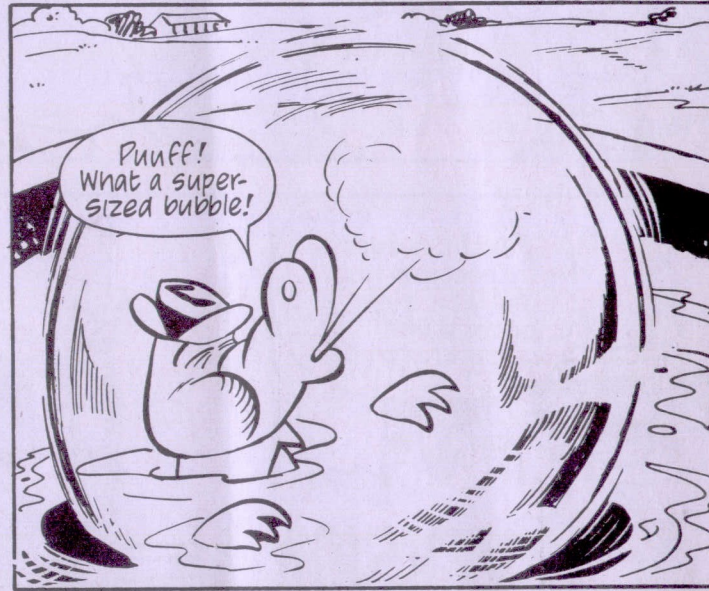
What's this the lad dropped in his hurry to avoid me? A can of bubble blowing mixture?



Might as well try it out... and I'll use plenty!



Puff! What a super-sized bubble!



Just in time! Let the feeding commence!



Another one this way, Mr. Twiddle!

I like that one in the middle with the big mouth! He's lovely!

